

**I. C. R'y.**

**Time Table.**

No. 338, daily.

Lv. Hopkinsville	6:40 a. m.
Ar. Princeton	7:40 "
Paducah	9:25 "
Cairo	11:35 "
St. Louis	6:10 p. m.
Chicago	10:50 "

No. 334, Daily.

Lv. Hopkinsville	4:30 p. m.
Ar. Princeton	12:25 p. m.
Paducah	6:00 "
Evansville	6:25 "
Lv. Princeton	12:39 "
Ar. Louisville	5:35 p. m.
Lv. Princeton	2:35 p. m.
Ar. Paducah	4:15 "
Memphis	10:50 "
New Orleans	10:00 a. m.

No. 340.—Daily

Lv. Hopkinsville	4:30 p. m.
Ar. Princeton	6:30 "
Lv. Princeton	2:57 a. m.
Lv. Louisville	7:50 "
Princeton	2:35 "
Ar. Memphis	8:20 "
New Orleans	7:55 p. m.

No. 341, daily arrives, 9:40 a. m.

No. 333, daily, " 3:50 p. m.

No. 331 daily, " 11:25 "

F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A., Louisville

E. F. COON, Agent, Hopkinsville

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### L. & N. TIME TABLE.

#### TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:41 a. m.

No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:20 p. m.

No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:45 a. m.

No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac., 8:45 p. m.

#### TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 51—St. L. Express 5:18 p. m.

No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:45 a. m.

No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim., 12:01 a. m.

No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac., 6:40 a. m.

No. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis for all other west.

No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis Line points as far south as Erin and for Louisville Cincinnati and the East.

No. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. No. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.

No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will not carry passengers to points South of Evansville. Also carries through sleepers to St. Louis.

No. 91, through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 93 will not carry local passengers for points North of Nashville, Tenn.

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## TO SAVE LANDMARK

**A CHURCH THE OLDEST BUILDING IN INDIAN TERRITORY.**

Fort Gibson a Place Very Rich in Historical Associations—Some of the Noted Characters Connected Therewith.

Guthrie, Okla.—Strong efforts are being made here to preserve the famous "old church on the hill" at Fort Gibson, I. T. The building is an old one, and figured prominently in the early days.

The above dispatch from Oklahoma's capital tells of the attempt to preserve a landmark which has stood for almost a century, and has been the scene of many western social functions during the time when Indian massacres and frontier fights were every-day occurrences. The old garrison church, located on what was known to the soldiers as Garrison's Hill, has been occupied continuously since 1832 and possesses the distinction of being the oldest building in Indian Territory. After



OLDEST HOUSE IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

its occupation as the garrison church, a school was opened within its time-worn walls and Henry M. Stanley, then a mere youngster, was engaged as its teacher.

Fort Gibson, the oldest town in the territory, is rich in historic lore, very little of which has ever been recorded in print. The town was settled shortly after 1803, the date of the Louisiana purchase, and about 15 years later a military post was established there. From that time to this many distinguished men have made the fort their rendezvous, living in the old church, and to-day one may see headstones in the United States cemetery, less than a mile from the church, bearing the names of past war heroes who were killed or died there in the service of the flag. In the graveyard there are buried about 2,500 bodies of soldiers, all of whom figured more or less prominently in Indian warfare on the frontier.

The wife of Admiral Dewey, in the early days, married to Gen. Hazen, left her home in Cincinnati and for many years lived at the fort, and was declared to have been the most stylish woman who ever visited the place. Zachary Taylor, afterwards president of the United States, and Jefferson Davis, afterwards president of the confederacy, both lived at and commanded the fort. From this place Jeff Davis, then an untitled lieutenant, eloped with Miss Betty Taylor to Van Buren, Ark., without the consent of either of the principals' parents. After the elopement Davis commanded the fort, living within its precincts until the time of the Mexican war, in which conflict he won distinction by saving the day for the Americans at the battle of Buena Vista. Gen. Taylor after that exploit exhibited great pride in Davis, and it is declared, almost forgave the act which bereft him of a daughter and gave him a son-in-law.

Gen. Samuel Houston, a character who is surrounded by a veil of mystery, came to the fort after resigning the governorship of Tennessee, leaving his newly-wedded wife, coming west and joining a band of Cherokees, among whom he was a feared and admired leader. Not long after his arrival at Fort Gibson, he married a pretty Indian maiden, Tallihina Rogers, and with her he lived at the historic place until his departure for the war in Texas in 1832. By his heroic conduct in the battle in which his troops routed the Mexicans and won the independence of Texas, he was favored by being made the first governor of that state.

Washington Irving wrote his "Tales of a Traveler" just outside the old parade ground on Garrison Hill. In Longfellow's "Evangeline," he describes graphically and accurately scenery about Fort Gibson.

Among other notables who visited the place are Gen. Winifred Scott, Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gen. George B. McClellan; Col. Coppinger, who commanded the fort; James G. Blaine, Gen. Arbuttle, who was in command at one time; Gen. Belknap, Col. Loomis, Col. Wilson, Col. Morrison Braxton Bragg, Capt. Little, Early Steen, Capt. McLouis and Albert Sidney Johnson, a man who figured prominently in southern history.

W. W. GARRISON.

#### Both Right.

A well-known judge was standing at the door of a ballroom when a very beautiful woman passed him.

"What a lovely woman!" whispered the judge, but so loudly that the lady overheard his remark.

Turning her head she recognized the speaker.

"And what a good judge!" she said, with a smile.—Cassell's Journal.

## A GIRL'S MISTAKE

THE CHAPERON SPEAKS.

Everybody has done the same thing that I am continually doing—that is, seeing pretty girls who would have been so very much prettier and nicer in all ways if only a clever woman had caught them young and trained them. Not only trained them in fascinating ways and manners and carriage and voice but in brains and common sense.

They do such inexcusably idiotic things, these giddy, vacant-headed girls—not trivial, forgotten-in-a-week, little senseless acts, but mistakes which will dog them to the end of their lives. Take Helen Ormsby, for instance. When Helen was about 16 it was plainly to be seen that she was developing into a beauty, one of those rounded creatures of the clear brown skin which is so rare, lustrous eyes and heavy blue-black hair. I remember my pleasure in looking at her. Then it was dulled by the fact that she talked with a rasping drawl through her nose—but her nose was so beautifully shaped that it helped condone the sin. Only I hoped her mother would notice it.

Mrs. Ormsby was a bright, energetic, pleasant little woman who might reasonably be supposed to know how to bring out a girl's best points and restrain her faults. I forgot at the time that mothers who can see their daughters' faults are as rare as dollar bills growing on oak trees. Helen's command of polite slang was marvelous. If she had devoted the same energy to French and German she would have been a wonder. Even then she was quite a belle and the boys of her age showered her with candid attentions.

"Helen really oughtn't to be going out evenings while she is in school," her mother often said, anxiously. "I want her to go to college when she is through here, and there's her music! But when half a dozen boys each want her to go in the same party and she begs so what can I do? There's no denying she is popular."

Helen certainly had popularity, whatever else she lacked. Her humble slaves jumped at her bidding. Mrs. Ormsby, unhappy between the conviction that adoring youths should not interfere with her daughter's education and a good deal of pride over being mother to such an attractive young person, worried and enjoyed her misery. "That young Lapham would call every evening to see Helen if I'd allow it," she said one day when Helen was nearing her eighteenth birthday. "His father is the rich Lapham you've heard about and the boy is certainly handsome. You ought to see the flowers he sends her. It's absurd—American beauties and all that!"

Helen still talked with a twang, was sublimely condescending to her mother and took the good things of life her parents showered on her with gracious disdain. She was a blase young person instead of a girl just ready to begin to enjoy living. Mrs. Ormsby spoke rather anxiously now when she mentioned college. It seemed there had been a ruction in the Ormsby family on this subject. Four more years of study did not meet the approval of the young lady of the household. The gracious, broad-minded, reserved and sweet womanhood her mother had dimly pictured always as within her daughter's grasp, the natural complement of her beauty, seemed distressingly elusive. Helen's only interest in life was to outdistance all the other girls as a favorite. Young Lapham still continued her shadow. Mrs. Ormsby was not so enthusiastic.

"He isn't the right sort," she confided to me one day when she was blue. "Helen doesn't notice, because he spends money on her like water; she thinks he is splendid, but he is selfish and lazy and rude and I know he is too fond of liquor. He never earned a dollar in his life."

Mrs. Ormsby grew frantic. Helen only laughed at tears and expostulation. Young Lapham gave her a good time, a fine time—all the girls envied her. What was the use of looking ahead of to-day? It was not in her philosophy.

Every one else expected what happened long before the Ormsbys dreamed of it. Young Lapham called one evening and smiled carelessly at the politely frigid reception he got from the older members of the family.

"You know that day Helen spent out at her cousin's in Evanston last week?" he began, abruptly. Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby looked up. "Well, she wasn't there. She and I took a little run up into Wisconsin and were married. Show them your ring, Helen."

Laughing triumphantly, the girl did so. She could not appreciate the stab she had given her father and mother, sitting white-faced, incredulous, sick at heart. She never will, for she is selfish to the core. She and young Lapham had thought the whole affair a good joke.

So there Helen is to-day—when other girls of her age are gayly and wholesomely enjoying their first dip into the outside world at college or abroad, learning to judge the world and men and themselves so that there is small chance to wreck their lives—established in a tiny flat with a husband already careless of her, who has a \$60 a month clerkship and hates work at that as much as he loves mixed drinks. Her grim father-in-law has promised to help them only when young Lapham shall have shown that he amounts to something. Which will be the next day after never. And at 25 she will be an old woman.—Chicago Daily News.

#### Nip of Lobster Brings Death.

Pinched by a lobster he was trying to put in a pot of boiling water recently, Otto Zimmerman, a chef in a New York restaurant, is dead. Zimmerman paid no attention to the abrasion on a finger of his right hand until the hand and arm began to swell. Then it was too late to save him.

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### A Milder Climate

In Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas.

Stock ranges ten to twelve months in the year, two and three crops grow in a season. Now is the time to look up a location while the land is cheap.

On February 7th and 21st and March 7th and 21st, Cotton Belt Route will sell round trip home-seekers' tickets from St. Louis, Thebes, Cairo and Memphis to points in above named states at rate of \$15, or one fare plus \$2, where it makes less than \$15.

One way colonist tickets, February 21st and March 21st at half fare, plus \$2.

Write for map, time table and ask about rates to any point.

L. O. Schaefer, T. P. A., Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O. John C. Riley, Immigration Agt., Henderson, Ky.

**TO OUR FARMER FRIENDS . . . . .**

Clarksville, Tennessee, January 3rd, 1905.—This crop of tobacco, being of better quality and shorter in average yield, are two reasons for expecting better prices. Besides, full confidence as to the final outcome, may be based upon the wise conclusion of the farmer to prize and put his tobacco in condition to hold for the best demands, only to be found on the open markets. The force of combines, who have ignored open markets in order to fix lower prices in the country is broken, and we predict an era of greater prosperity will come to tobacco growers. The farmers will not regret the move they have made, and the more compact their organization, the greater their influence.

As we have done for the many years past, we solicit the patronage of farmers. As heretofore, our best efforts in their behalf can safely be relied upon. Our warehouse is open day and night, and provided with good, comfortable free quarters for teams and teamsters under the same roof.

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